Assumption

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Assumption

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Sequel to Presumption

The right opportunity having finally presented itself, Hannibal attempts to take things further with Will.

Notes

So here's the thing. I wrote Presumption as a prequel to a fic I was already writing. But when I went back to it, it started to go off into deeper, more emotional territory, and whilst I loved where it was going it no longer sat right as the story intended to fit with the tone of Presumption. So I started over and wrote this as the sequel to Presumption.

The other version I also finished and will be editing soon and posting in the next couple of months. Basically a different take on the same initial idea (Hannibal and Will hooking up) handled differently. So stay tuned for that.

See the end of the work for more notes

assumption
ə'sʌm(p)ʃ(ə)n/
noun

a thing that is accepted as true or as certain to happen, without proof // the action of taking on power or responsibility.

*

"Seasonally appropriate," Will commented, the snarky tone was that which Hannibal found amusing despite how rude it really was. But then, where the rudeness of others would earn them a place on Hannibal's table, from Will he just found it, strangely endearing.

Jack didn't even seem to notice, or perhaps was just used to Will's manner as he nodded and continued to rattle off the details of the case as they all stood around the body. He had been called due to the unusual psychology of the case, rightly so from the look of it.

Hannibal wasn't really listening to Jack, splitting his attention between observing Will, and assessing the scene for himself - clearly the work of an obsessive personality who appeared to have a fetish for the gloopy slide of the pumpkin innards.

Will seemed suitably perturbed by the way the body - and several pumpkins - had been treated. Jack was stoic as ever - some of which came from, Hannibal was sure, a lack of his own insights into the scene. And the lab team, arriving at that moment, made light of the scene (especially the pumpkins), clearly as a way to deal with the deeply disturbing crimes they had to face every day.

"I'm suddenly in the mood for pumpkin spice latte," Beverly joked as she drew closer to the body. Zeller let out a huff of amusement and Price responded that he too, would be amenable to the same beverage. "That's settled then, lattes on the way back to the lab. Will?" Bev continued, looking up at Will to see if he was also interested in partaking.

Hannibal observed in intrigued silence. He always enjoyed watching Will interact with his colleagues. With Jack, there was always a reproachful edge, with Zeller a disinterested hostility that seemed to stem from the low level jealousy Zeller was clearly nursing. With Price and Katz, he clearly had a great deal of professional respect, and found their company enjoyable. Though with Katz there seemed to more of a connection - a mutual one at that - that came from their similar humours.

Will shook his head and Beverly, clearly knowing not to press, moved onto asking Jack if he would be joining them.

Hannibal always liked to exploit any opportunity that presented itself for conversation with Will, so he moved to the man's side as discussion about decomposition in a pumpkin patch and spiced lattes continued.

"Is it pumpkins in general you dislike, or just the spiced latte variety?"

Hannibal was rewarded with a half smile, more of a smirk really, as Will drew himself from watching the lab teamwork, to Hannibal's question.

"I like pumpkins just fine," Will mused, no emotion one way or the other. "I just don't have time to stop for coffee, I can grab it at the lab. Now... If they'd said pie, I'd have made time for pie." With that Will turned to Hannibal with a grin.

"Noted," Hannibal smiled softly and inclined his head slightly in acknowledgement.

"I suppose you make great pie." It wasn't really a question and there was that slight note of *almost* disdain he sometimes got from Will. Almost a challenge.

Hannibal's lips twitched, "I must admit I've never turned my hand to it, though I'd be more than willing to make the attempt." When that received no further reaction from Will than a distracted nod as he continued to watch the team remove the pumpkin head that sat on the corpse's shoulders, Hannibal persevered. "Do you enjoy roasted pumpkin? I have perfected a fine recipe of lamb and-"

"Nah," Will cut him off, "pumpkin is strictly dessert to me. I'm not a fan of savouries that are, uh, sweet."

Will was distracted, and perhaps that was for the best. Because when Hannibal then said, "Perhaps if you are free this weekend I could cook for you and try to change your mind?"

Will replied "Yeah, yeah, sure."

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Hannibal had hedged his bets in making not only the roasted lamb recipe with an exquisitely cooked roasted pumpkin side, but also the richest pumpkin pie he could. He had just put into the refrigerator the hand whipped cream accompaniment when the door bell sounded.

His lips twitched into a smile in his anticipation to see Will.

In fact, the pumpkin situation had been the perfect opportunity Hannibal had been waiting for, to invite Will to spend time alone without arousing suspicion. Without scaring the man off with his ever more difficulty concealed desire.

Thoughts of pinning the man down and riding his cock until they both climaxed threatened to spring to the fore of his mind, but he had pushed them down by the time he reached the door. He liked to imagine Will quite submissive in the bedroom, but he knew that one false move before they got there might raise the man's hackles and have him retreat after all the cultivating Hannibal had done.

There was no mistaking the glint in Will's eye when he opened the door to the man. He was even in the best shirt Hannibal had seen him wear, his hair tidy - a little curl escaping the neatness and sitting sweetly on his forehead.

"Do come in, Will." Hannibal invited, stepping to one side to allow him in.

“Well, it certainly smells good,” Will smiled as he spoke, stepping in and starting to shrug out of his coat. Hannibal eased it from his arms and shook it out before hanging it. “But sweet.” Will added the last with a quirked brow, which was expected given his comments at the crime scene.

“That would be dessert. I decided to hedge my bets and made pumpkin pie also,” Hannibal smiled warmly and ushered Will through to the kitchen.

“I didn’t take you for a betting man, doctor.” Will’s lips twitched into a smile as he slipped into the stool at the counter.

Hannibal’s smile was less at Will’s words and more at the casual way in which Will made himself at home. Without further thought, Hannibal finished plating the food and set Will’s in front o f him, before pulling over another stool and sitting opposite him at the breakfast bar. Moving to the dining room suddenly felt too lacking in intimacy for their evening.

“I fear where you are concerned Will, all bets are off. You are quite unpredictable. So in an effort to anticipate rather than predict, I have made you something I know you will like, should the roasted pumpkin not be to your liking.”

Hannibal drawled the words, his eyes fixed on Will the whole time.

There was an almost missable blush on Will’s cheeks and he looked away for a moment, avoiding eye contact, before looking back again. “Very considerate, Doctor.”

“I strive to always be a considerate host, Will. And please, call me Hannibal. We are alone, having dinner, it seems somewhat overly formal to call me Doctor.”

“Sounds like a date,” Will chuckled and Hannibal avoided the comment, even as his cock stirred slightly. He was glad he’d chosen not to wear a packer, it would have only pressed against it and made it worse.

He cleared his throat, “I kept the shell of course, carving pumpkins is an enjoyable test of artistic skill if one commits to it. Although associated with Halloween now, the tradition of carving pumpkins as an autumnal celebration is thought to date back to the Celts… If, of course, you

subscribe to the theory of homogeneous group that can be called ‘Celtic’, I...” Hannibal realised that he was rambling and was sure Will didn’t wish to hear the merits of theories regarding the Hallstatt and La Tène cultures in the study of peoples that were commonly referred to as ‘Celts’. He stopped himself short.

“Is the pumpkin to your liking?” He asked as he speared a piece of pumpkin onto his own fork. He watched intently as Will took a piece into his mouth and considered it as he chewed slowly.

“It’s delicious, actually.” He grinned, seeming amused.

“You assumed you wouldn't like it.” Hannibal stated.

“I’ve yet to dislike anything you’ve cooked,” Will grinned before he popped another piece in his mouth. Hannibal would usually have preened whilst being secretly smug, but in this case he was too distracted by the swell of his chest at Will’s praise.

“Was this all from one pumpkin?” Will asked, though at first Hannibal didn’t take in the question, still enjoying the sensation of feeling in his vital organs.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t catch that?”

Will smiled at Hannibal’s lapse and he wondered if the man suspected he was the cause of it. He had stopped trying to be truly subtle quite some time ago.

“The roast and the pie, are they from the same pumpkin?” Will was still smiling and Hannibal wanted to lick the mouth that so captured his attention.

“Yes, indeed,” Hannibal replied before clearing his throat and loading his fork again. “I wanted to demonstrate that even the same pumpkin could meet a savoury or sweet end. It was a rather large pumpkin. A plumpkin.” He put the food in his mouth a moment before Will’s fork clattered to his plate.

Startled, he looked up to find Will shaking with silent laughter.

“Do you even know you do that? The food jokes? The puns?” Will continued to chuckle, wiping a tear from the corner of his eye.

Hannibal tilted his head. Of course he knew, in fact his guests would likely pick up on more little puns if they knew the origins of the meat they were ingesting, “It annoys you?”

Will grinned at him, still trying to control his laughter. “Are you kidding? It’s hilarious. You can be so stoic and proper, then you drop… well, plumpkin and…” Will shook his head and chuckled again, “It makes me want to kiss you.”

Hannibal wondered if Will realised what he’s just said, certainly it pulled a shuddering breath from Hannibal. But it was clear Will knew exactly what he said as he looked up at him through half-lidded eyes, with the most charming smile Hannibal had ever seen. Before he could reply, Will continued.

Tilting his head and grinning he said, “Come on Hannibal, don’t play coy. Let’s not pretend you haven’t been trying to find some way to get me alone for… well, almost since we met by my guess. Did you think I was completely oblivious?

It took a moment for Hannibal to adjust his mental image of Will and his potential for submissiveness, before he allowed a predatory grin, “As I said, you are quite unpredictable Will.”

*

It had all happened in much of a blur, the sound of cutlery dropping still ringing in his ears as they stood and reached for each other. He had only managed to utter, “You don’t wish to try the pie?” before Will was on him.

The air was knocked from Hannibal’s lungs as Will roughly, and unexpectedly, pushed him against the wall. He had only managed to replenish a short breath before Will was on him, mouth hungrily covering his own. It took only a moment for Hannibal to register the situation and react, kissing back as he slid a hand behind Will’s neck and held him close.

Will pulled back and growled against his lips, “No more fucking pumpkins.”

Hannibal’s mouth curved into a grin, “I had no intention of suggesting it. Too messy.”

Will huffed a laugh before shoving him harder to the wall and biting at his lips.

In truth, Hannibal’s favourite fantasies of Will had been of him submissive, pliable. Almost intimidated, especially once he knew the truth about Hannibal. But he was willing to take this too - more than willing.

Will continued to kiss him roughly, pressing a leg between Hannibal’s so that he had no choice but to splay them.

“I haven’t exactly been playing hard to get,” Will said as he dragged his mouth to the juncture of Hannibal’s neck and shoulder, nuzzling into it with his teeth. “If anything, you’ve been oblivious… That line about the pie… I was trying to plant the idea...”

Hannibal nodded at his words, his mind flashing through the many times - he was now realising - that Will said something he might have been able to act on, then acting aloof or hard to get so he wasn't completely brazen. And he hadn’t acted because he believed Will to be oblivious and unaware of the bait he was throwing out. Of course, he should have realised Will was an excellent fisherman and would reel him in eventually.

Will’s mouth was on his again as he pushed closer, pining Hannibal completely to the wall and grinding against him. It was an utter delight and all thoughts of submissive Will evaporated from his mind completely.

There was just one last consideration - whether to tell Will, or show Will…

Will broke the kiss again, grinding out through a clenched jaw, “I want to make you come so bad.”

Hannibal let his head drop back. Will nibbled at his jaw and it took a moment for him to register that Will’s hands had moved to his hips, and then to his belt, starting to undo his trousers.

Hannibal took in a sharp breath, Will moving too quickly for him to even make the decision that was momentarily about to become redundant.

Will’s hand slid down into his boxers.

“Oh fuck,” Will muttered the words before letting out a long groan and burying his face in the crook of Hannibal’s neck. His hand continued to explore as Hannibal waited for some further reaction as he panted. “Fuck, god, you… fuck, you can’t be serious…” Will muttered the words against his neck. “I fucking knew it. Knew there was something about you, I…”

Will’s fingers slid down and then crooked, two slipping just inside his entrance and making Hannibal’s breath hitch.

“So wet for me, so hard,” Will practically growled the words before biting on his lower lip and moving his wet fingers up again. Stroking them back and forth over Hannibal’s cock.

Hannibal gasped again, his own hands moving to grip Will’s shoulders in an effort to stay upright on uncharacteristically weak knees.

“I want you to come for me,” Will’s words made him shiver. “Come Hannibal,” it was more a command than anything and Hannibal shuddered as came, cock throbbing between Will’s fingers and inner muscles contracting in wave after wave of pleasure.

He let out a long moan as he allowed himself to sink against Will, no longer able to support his own weight.

*

When the tremors of pleasure subsided, Hannibal realised that Will seemed a little nervous and was apologising to him. Will had guided them through to the study and was lowering Hannibal to the overstuffed sofa whilst muttering, “I’m so sorry.”

Hannibal was wondering what Will could be apologising for, surely not for giving him the best orgasm of his life?

Will pressed gentle kisses to his face and Hannibal hummed his pleasure, still tingly all over.

“I shouldn’t have… that was really forward of me, I got carried away. I should have asked what you like, what you’re comfortable with-”

“Will,” the name came out a breathless whisper, “I think it might be self evident, that I enjoyed that a great deal. But I appreciate your concern.”

Hannibal smiled and Will returned it. Will sat next to Hannibal on the sofa, now grinning from ear to ear.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” Will’s words were full of pride but also adoration. Hannibal liked that very much. He was liking the entire situation.

Will being much more confident than he had suspected was more arousing than he’d assumed. And this bordered on fulfilling some of the fantasies he’d had about Will already being adept at pleasuring trans men. Whatever he had expected from real life, this had not been it. Yet again, Will Graham had remained entirely unpredictable.

“You’ve pleasured a trans man before,” Hannibal noted, as there was clearly no question.

Will chuckled, “You could say that.”

Will leaned towards him then, kissing him again, this time with soft lips and gentle tongue. Exploring and tasting as his fingers went to Hannibal's dress shirt and began to unbutton it.

They kissed slowly, enjoying the flavour of pumpkin on each other's tongues as Hannibal then began to unbutton Will's shirt in turn. He managed to get down to three remaining buttons before Will drew back, grinning like the proverbial cat, as he pulled both shirt and undershirt off over his head.

Will took Hannibal's hand and brought it to his chest, running the back of it under his right pectoral.

"Should we compare scars, Doctor?" Will was still grinning as he moved Hannibal's hand to the left, clearly watching intently for Hannibal's reaction.

In the dim light of the study, with only the side lamps and their ambient lighting, it took Hannibal a moment to truly see and understand what Will was saying.

Old and thin pale lines of scars ran under both pectorals. His nipples, whilst small, were not entirely male in appearance if scrutinised. A biology that matched his own.

Hannibal sat back and blinked.

"You made assumptions, I should imagine," Will grinned as he spoke. "Which is valid, I did too I guess."

"Many," Hannibal admitted, still a little lost for words.

Will crowded in close to him again, pulling one of Hannibal's hands down to the firm, though not hard, shape in his pants.

"I assumed we were finally going to stop dancing around this and fuck, which is why I wore my *Pack and Play*." He leaned in and kissed Hannibal slowly, drawing his lower lip with him as he retreated again. He moved his mouth to Hannibal's ear, saying in a low growl, "It's good for anal, but if you prefer…" He manipulated Hannibal's hand against the faux cock, clearly finding it arousing.

As was Hannibal, in fact his own cock gave a little throb as though it was channeling his thudding heartbeat.

"You want to fuck me?" Hannibal asked, his free hand running lightly down Will's chest.

Will shuddered at the sensation, "Fuck, I really do. Even more now," he chuckled. "But if you're not comfortable… If you'd prefer… I prefer anal, but I'd let you have me either way. Or, there doesn't need to be penetration..."

Will's words sent a shiver through him. This was beyond anything his imagination had dared conjure up.

Hannibal found himself nodding, "Take me, either… no, the front. You've already made me so wet, I want to feel you slide into me."

"Fuck," The word escaped Will on an awed gasp. They were both completely still for a moment, studying each other with unconcealed lust.

“Bedroom,” Hannibal growled the word. Making out on the sofa would be enjoyable but he wanted the space and comfort provided by his bed. Will nodded and they dragged each other to their feet.

Hannibal lead the way, some gravitas descending, like they were crossing a line into *something*, though neither wanted to stop.

When they got to the bedroom, Hannibal stood before the bed, wondering who would make the next move. But then Will was on him again, undoing his remaining shirt buttons and practically tearing it off. When Hannibal took over, Will went to his own clothing. Hannibal watched as he stripped off his jeans, kicking off his shoes as he went. Will was notably less clumsy than usual. Finally, Will removed his underwear and Hannibal stilled, watching intently as he adjusted himself.

First he moved his packer enough, the movements clear to Hannibal who had seen such devices before though never bought one himself. Will was adjusting himself - ensuring his cock was inserted into some sort of inbuilt receptacle. Will moaned, his face slack with pleasure for a moment as he no doubt enjoyed the sensation of tightness around his likely hardening cock.

After a steadying breath, Will continued to adjust himself. He took the faux cock in hand and began to pose it, there was the sharp sound of the plastic rod inside being clicked into an erect position. Hannibal’s mouth watered at the sight. Will pumped the packer, the motion obviously dragging over his sheathed cock, it was a wondrous sight to behold the pleasure sweeping over him.

“On the bed,” Will’s voice was husky and his eyes burned as he watched Hannibal remove his own pants, stripping everything entirely before he climbed onto the bed.

Hannibal felt achingly empty, and could imagine nothing better than Will’s cock inside him. He lay back against the pillows and let his legs fall open, his metoidioplasty surgery had good results and he was pleased to see Will lick his lips as his small cock stood erect and wanting.

“You’re so fucking… unf…” Will was stroking the packer again, and Hannibal had to wonder what the sensation was like. Another time perhaps, for now the wetness between his legs was enough to spur him on.

“Will, please,” he began to beg as he slipped his hand down between his legs, working two fingers into himself to take the edge off as he waited for what he truly wanted.

Will climbed onto the bed and crawled towards him, slipping easily between his legs and taking Hannibal’s mouth in another, deep kiss.

Hannibal’s breath hitched and he moaned as he felt Will’s packer against him, tempted to adjust his position enough, to wriggle enough, to bring Will to his entrance. But he didn’t, too overwhelmed by Will taking hold of his arms and pinning them above his head before running his mouth over Hannibal’s scars.

He placed light kisses first, then ran his tongue over them. Hannibal felt like Will was making love to his scars, an extension of himself. He couldn’t help but shudder.

Hannibal let out a moan as Will moved back up, sliding his body against Hannibal’s, as he pressed Hannibal’s arms firmly to the bed. From there he nuzzled at Hannibal’s neck, distracting enough, but then he began to suck a deep, biting kiss into the tender flesh and Hannibal’s hips instinctively bucked up.

“I want to fuck you hard, so you’ll feel me for days,” Will muttered against the flesh he was now worrying with his mouth, sucking against it. The love bite would be sore and visible and Hannibal didn’t care about either fact.

“Yes,” The word came out as a hiss a moment before Hannibal winced. Will was rubbing against him, back and forth with his hips so that their cocks rubbed together. Hannibal’s wetness helped the slide of them and Hannibal felt a growing need to be filled.

Part of him wanted to roll Will and take control, sink down onto him and ride him to completion.

And with any other man he would have done just that. Even with the submissive Will of his fantasies he would have done so. But with this Will, the real man before him, and not his fantasy - he was lost in the way Will clearly wanted to mark him. To possess him in some way. He wanted to give himself over to that in a way he never had before.

He gasped when he felt Will’s hand move downward, taking the packer in hand and brushing it over Hannibal’s hard cock. The sensation had him whining, as well as the anticipation as Will inched it closer to his entrance.

“Please Will,” Hannibal moaned, his head thrown back and eyes closed tight.

Will entered him at the same moment he took his mouth again, kissing him almost brutally as he circled his hips. Hannibal cried out at the sensation, his cock rubbing against Will’s groin with each pass. His cries of tortured pleasure only allowed Will to kiss him deeper.

Will’s thrusts were languid as they continued to kiss him deeply. It felt like hours of teasing friction before Will pulled back from the kiss and repositioned slightly. He drew his knees closer to Hannibal so that he was braced, lowering his top half down so they were chest to chest as he nuzzled Hannibal’s neck once more.

Hannibal’s breath caught in anticipation, before coming out in shaky exhales.

And then Will was pounding into him, fucking him hard and fast. Pressing deeper and deeper on each stroke.

It had been years since Hannibal had climaxed through anything other than stimulating his cock, but - his cock perfectly posed - Will seemed to zero in on his g-spot and attack it mercilessly. Each thrust was a wave of pleasure building to more, each thrust had his body almost completely lax under the man as he pressed him to the mattress.

“Fuck… I won’t last long…” Will confessed.

Hannibal wondered for a split second what it would be like to make love with Will. Slow and sensual. He knew he would find a different kind of pleasure in that, no more or less equal to the one he was experiencing now. It would likely be bliss, but not the bliss he desired right now.

Will was giving him everything he didn’t know he’d wanted from their first sexual encounter. Taking him roughly, dominating him to some extent. Making him feel something very clearly through every muscle in his body - something he had already known for quite some time in his soul - he belonged to Will Graham.

Hannibal’s climax hit him out of nowhere.

His cock throbbed and his muscles convulsed, dragging Will deeper as they rippled and clenched. He could feel the pleasure pulsing directly from his g-spot and throughout his lower half. It felt like every nerve was tender and raw.

Hannibal couldn't help but cry out and clutch at Will, drawing their bodies tighter together as Will continued to fuck him through his orgasm.

He moaned through each thrust as it rubbed against his oversensitized g-spot, clenching his inner muscles around Will.

Hannibal knew the sensation would mostly be lost on his lover, his climax would come from the stimulation offered by the inner sheath of his packer. And he was willing and wanting to be used by Will to bring himself over the edge.

Will let out a guttural moan, his hips shuddering and his thrusts jarring as he came.

Hannibal imagined what it might have been like to feel Will spill inside him, how full he might feel. How used and owned and deliciously happy to be marked from the inside out. Even so, he could feel no disappointment in Will's body. If anything there was a connection between them that he had never imagined he would find with anyone. This feeling was better than being slick with Will's seed. Besides, there were plenty of sex toys that could make such a thing possible if they desired it.

Hannibal huffed out a light laugh, realising he was already considering an ongoing sexual relationship with the man inside him.

Will, who had been panting against his neck, drew back to look at him.

"That was pure bliss," Hannibal told him before Will could find his own words.

Will was dishevelled and sweaty, he smelled divine and he beamed a grin of complete and honest happiness at him.

He leaned in and kissed Hannibal again, not pulling out but continuing to move in little circles. Neither were likely to come again for a while, but the sensation was wonderful and he certainly wasn't ready for Will to withdraw.

Hannibal wrapped his arms and legs around Will, holding him close as the man breathed heavily at his throat.

"Can I stay?" Will asked.

"Where else would you go?" Hannibal replied with a smile.

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Hannibal didn't quite register the firm warmth at his back until it moved. A gentle arm snaked around him and then eased him onto his back. A moment later Will was nuzzling into his chest hair in the most delicious way.

Hannibal let out a contented hum and stretched out, stretching his arms above his head and clasping his hands there in a facsimile of the night before.

“I could wake like this every day,” Will murmured against his skin, stretching his body against Hannibal’s too. The packer was gone and Hannibal was left wondering if Will also suffered from daily morning wood - it seemed to be a side effect of the testosterone even after all these years.

The words sunk in and Hannibal quirked a brow, “You envisage something long term between us?” He kept his voice level, giving no opinion of his own away.

Will chuckled, pulling back enough to look at him, “Don’t you? I know you do, you’re really not as subtle as you think Hannibal.” Will leaned in and kissed him, moving to straddle him as he did so.

Will pressed his crotch down and ground against him, continuing to kiss him, deep and languid kisses that seemed to make his point. No need to hurry this, not if their desire was for something more.

After a few minutes Will, whose light wetness Hannibal could feel against him, pulled back with a groan.

“I have to go, I’m meant to be at Quantico in an hour.”

“The Pumpkin Patch Killer?” Hannibal asked, always curious about Will’s work, not least for his own reasons.

“Yes, once the lab team get their reports done, in the meantime I need to give Jack an update on the Chesapeake Ripper case. And I have to give a lecture at 10.”

Will, clearly reluctantly, pulled himself from the bed and Hannibal took the opportunity to admire his physique. Exquisite.

He drew himself back from his thoughts before they could lead him towards fantasies he wouldn't have chance to fulfill, at least until the next time he saw Will.

“Have you had much luck with the Ripper case?” Hannibal asked, trying to distract himself.

Will turned and looked at him, tilting his head and smiling.

“Not enough for you to be worried,” Will’s mouth curved into a wry smile. He moved back to the bed and leaned over to kiss Hannibal again, soft and lingering. He pulled back and gave Hannibal a look of pure adoration. “Don't worry, I'll never let them catch you.”

Hannibal's heart skipped a beat at Will’s wonderfully correct assumption.

End Notes

NB: the P&P that Will has is along the lines of the sort of products that can be found at Peecock and FreeToM

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